



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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The Annual Conference has been fixed to commence on May 10th, and will be continued on the mornings of the 11th, 12th and 13th. The annual address will be given by Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton, on "The Relation Between Physical and Moral Training," on Wednesday evening, May 11th. Further details will be announced as soon as possible. Local Secretaries are especially requested to note these dates.

Natural History Club, January, 1898.—The following arrangements have been made. The fee for membership will now be 2s. 6d. Members will receive a syllabus of a course of reading on Natural History, recommended for adults and for children, and suggestions as to collections for the Exhibition. The privilege of exhibiting, and of receiving the criticisms on the exhibits, will in future be limited to members of the Central and of Branch Natural History Clubs.

Courses of back Letters (by Mr. Rowbotham) on Botany, Geology, Lessons from our Walks, Natural History, etc., can now be had from Miss Blogg, at reduced prices. Letters issued in 1895 and 1896, 5s. the course; Letters issued in 1897, 2s. 6d. the course.

BOOKS.

Anne Femima Clough: A Memoir, by B. A. Clough (Arnold, 12/6). Miss Athene Clough has succeeded well in an important and difficult undertaking. It cannot be easy to write the life of a person with whom one has been for many years in intimate daily intercourse; and, every now and then, we do fail to see the wood for the trees. Each little peccadillo and weakness is unveiled with conscientious care, and then the author with equal care and, no doubt, keener enjoyment, restores the balance and makes us aware of some of the nobler elements which make up this great woman. One could wish away the rather academic insistence on Miss Clough's lack of education, as if to have been the sister and close friend of Arthur Hugh Clough were not a liberal education in itself; and the book would have certainly been more interesting to the general public if it had not contained a very detailed memoir of Newnham College as well as of its famous first Principal. But the author tells us in her preface that she writes chiefly in the hope of giving pleasure to Miss Clough's friends, most of whom were profoundly interested in the development of Newnham. Again, Miss B. A. Clough has been on her guard against the obvious snare of producing a volume which should be a mere panegyric of the subject of the memoir; and one understands that this book offers an occasion for many other panegyrics, which, however well-deserved and necessary, interfere a little with the artistic unity of the work. But it is idle to point out spots on the sun. We have here a workman-like and living picture of one of the most quietly influential personages who have impressed their mark on the Victorian age. It is not merely that Miss Clough did a great work, but her work was the outcome of her personality, the expression and fulfilment of her own aspirations. She is another example of the fact that any man's or woman's idea of life

works out its own expression and fulfilment. Therefore we think we are right in calling Miss Clough a great woman. She had a great and simple conception and carried it out with dogged persistence and unflinching gentleness. The history of the foundress of Newnham is practically that of the higher education of women in the last half-century. We read of her as a girl with, not so much acute intellectual cravings, as acute desires for some real part in the world's work. We trace her development through her Liverpool life, her first educational attempts, her efforts after training, her school at Ambleside—practically the pioneer of High Schools,—her endeavours to get women in the provinces into touch with the Universities—the real initiation of the University Extension Lectures,—and finally, through her life at Cambridge, which all the world knows. Thus she was more or less at the root of whatever has been done for the better education of women in the last fifty years. She was always a simple person and worked and spoke in simple and unostentatious ways. She was a reverent person, too, with no thought of the rights of women, but only of their needs, and with a most conservative desire *not* to revolutionise the woman's world. She tells a student that, as the result of her three years at Newnham, she will be better able to amuse her people at home! We cannot better conclude our notice of the life of this loveable woman and most successful worker, than with a short extract from the last page of the volume. "I should like, in concluding this account of Miss Clough's life, to recall some words of her own, written when she was twenty-one. In her Diary for 1841 she wrote:—'I care not for honour or praise if I could only really do something to benefit my fellow creatures. If I were a man, I would not work for riches, to leave a wealthy family behind me; I would work for my country, and make its people my heirs.' Side by side with this passage, I wish to place the not less characteristic words of counsel which occur in her last address to the students leaving college. 'One word more. Take the little pleasures of life, watch the sunsets and the clouds, the shadows in the streets and the misty light over our great cities. These bring joy by the way and thankfulness to our Heavenly Father.'"

Studies in Board Schools, by C. Morley (Smith, Elder & Co.) Mr. Morley has done a public service for which we are very much obliged to him. He has taken the London Board Schools out of the arena of vexed questions, stormy discussions, statistics, rates and "subjects," and planted them in the more genial region of natural human interests. His plan is a very simple one, but then, all great discoveries are very simple once they have been made. Mr. Morley merely goes to see, taking with him no more apparatus than a pair of kindly, seeing eyes. He takes you first among the Wild Boys of Walworth and you are introduced to "Citizen Carrots," a freckled-faced boy of twelve, rather ragged, with holes in his shoes, a red muffler round his neck, a thick, wispy crop of red hair, not an inviting picture; but before Mr. Morley has done with him you feel a half-amused, but very genuine respect for this worthy citizen who supports his family and is in keen earnest about his education, especially about that part of it which relates to his rights and duties as a citizen. No wonder that "Carrots" should sit upright, square his shoulders, open his eyes and

his ears, when the master, with this motto on his blackboard, "*All for each, each for all*," drew a series of rough sketches on the board, and "in a minute or two," says the spectator, "I made out a regulation workhouse, a board school, a free library, a lamp-post, a water-cart, a dustman, a policeman, a steam roller, a navy or two, and a long-handled shovel stuck in a heap of soil"—and "Carrots" rejoiced in his status as a citizen who paid his share for all of these. The most pathetic and encouraging sketch in the book is, perhaps, that of the school for deficient children. We thank God and take courage, for the schoolmaster is abroad in the darkest places of "Darkest England." But more of us should follow Mr. Morley's example. We should go and see for ourselves.

Stray Thoughts on Reading, by L. H. M. Soulsby (Longmans, 2/6). Here is a gift of delight for any intelligent girl of thirteen and upwards. Miss Soulsby apologises for the "stray" character of the studies; but, with Tennyson, we "love a wildly ordered garden," and the charm of this little book is that it savours of "much fine various" reading. It offers just what girls, and, indeed, what most of us want: a personal introduction by an intimate friend to this and that author, or to individual poems and novels. To read the study of *Paracelsus* and afterwards to read Browning's poem might very well mark an epoch in the intellectual life of a thoughtful girl—or boy either, for boys *do* think. The chapter on *Dante*, again, admits the young student well within the portals of that shadowy mediæval world which has become a spiritual pasture-ground for educated people. "Novels," "Charles Kingsley," "Romola," "Sunday Reading," "The Pilgrim's Progress," are among the headings of chapters. Each study is the outcome of gentle and liberal culture, and though now and then one is disposed to break a lance with the author—as when she dethrones Portia, for example, Portia whom we have all placed high in our gallery of Shaksperian queens—yet, on the whole, one rejoices in the sweetness and light of all her dicta. No feature of the work is more valuable than the "Lists"—long, broad, wise lists of books of history, biography, travel, essays, &c., lists of novels, and an exceedingly valuable list of works on Divinity "for Sunday reading." The lists are happily priced (we should have been told the names of the publishers), and we have two lives of S. Francis, for example, that of Sabatier at 14/-, and that of Mrs. Oliphant at 6/-. As is the case with every such list, we wonder why certain books have been included and why certain others have been omitted; but there are few people who would not find some useful hints for their reading in the "Lists." We especially commend Miss Soulsby's "*Stray Thoughts on Reading*" to ex-students of the House of Education.

The Temple Reader, edited by E. Speight (Marshall, 1/6). "The mind of a child was never meant to be led along all easy paths; there must be obstacles, tumultuous awakenings and the catching of distant sounds." This sentence from his preface indicates the large conception of a child's mind with which Mr. Speight has gone to work in compiling this literary reading-book. Professor Dowden, in his most interesting Introduction, adds:—"To lift a corner of the curtain here and a corner there, even though we cannot do more than suggest the fact that there are wide prospects beyond, is something. To have even heard of Cervantes, of

Dante, of Spencer, of Keats, is a step in education. To know that there is a literature of the world, and to have felt, even for a moment, something of its seriousness, its beauty, its generous passion, its pathos, its humour, is to lay a good foundation." We need add nothing except that, in our opinion, the editor has amply justified this forecast. The intelligent child of twelve or thirteen who has read these two hundred or so pleasant looking pages, unburdened by distressful notes or paralysing tables of dates, will have probably experienced that tumultuous awakening into the joyous world of literature which Mr. Speight knows something about. It is good to be under the guidance of an editor who is a safe guide. We do not detect a single extract which does not afford the peculiar intellectual gratification which is the sole test of literary worth. We hope Mr. Speight's modest and important volume will do something to disabuse people's minds of the notions that chronology is literature, and that etymology is literature.

A History of England, by H. O. Arnold Forster (Cassell & Co., 5/-). Mr. H. O. Arnold Forster has already won his spurs in the field of educational literature. In this, as in matters of more immediate statecraft, he has the gift to see a defect and a remedy, an omission and the means of supplying it. He saw that English children grew up without any knowledge of the conditions under which they live, and of the laws which govern them, but, since the appearance of *The Citizen Reader* and *The Laws of Every-day Life*, we have changed all that, and "Citizen Carrots," in *Studies in Board Schools*, is in evidence to show with how much effect. *The History of England* or, as the children call it, *History*, ignoring the fact that there is any other history than that of England, has hitherto been presented to young people as "outlines of dates and facts, or as collections of romantic stories, with little coherence and less result on the fortunes of the country." The author of the present work says in his preface, that he "is reluctant to introduce his book by any such repellent title as 'A Summary,' or 'An Outline of English History.' Such titles seem on the face of them to imply that the element of interest and the romance inseparable from the life and doings of individuals, are excluded, and that an amplified chronological table has been made to do duty for history. But to read English history and fail to realise that it is replete with interest, sparkling with episode, and full of dramatic incident, is to miss all the pleasure and most of the instruction which its study, if properly pursued, can give." The author fulfils his implied promise and his work is, we venture to say, as replete "with interest, sparkling with episode, and full of dramatic incident" as is possible, considering the limitations imposed upon him by the fact that he writes for uneducated readers, and gives us a survey of the whole of English History in a pleasant, copiously and wisely illustrated volume of some eight hundred pages. It is a little disappointing, we must admit, to read of William Wallace that "he had the most wonderful adventures, his life was often in danger, but, over and over again, he surprised and defeated the English troops." We doubt if such a sentence has any effect at all on the minds of children, or of their elders; but then we are referred to the *Tales of a Grandfather* for the rest of the story. On the other hand, how telling

and lucid this is, and how we all wish that we had come across such a paragraph in our early studies of architecture:—"On page 23 we have pictures of two windows. One of them is what is called a *Pointed* window. All the arches in it go up to a point. It was built a long time before the Tudor period. The other was built in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In it the upright shaft, or *mullion* of the window goes straight up to the top without forming an arch. This style of building a window is called the *Perpendicular Style*, because the mullions of the windows are 'perpendicular.' Some of the most famous buildings in England built in Tudor times, and in the Perpendicular style, are the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge, and Hatfield House, the residence of the Marquis of Salisbury, in Hertfordshire." Mr. Arnold Forster has done in this volume for children and the illiterate, what Professor Green did in his *Shorter History of England* for somewhat more advanced students, awakening many of us to the fact that history is an entrancing subject of study. This is a real introduction to real history. The portraits are an especially valuable feature of the work.

The Adventures of Mabel, by R. Pyke (J. Bowden). A pretty American tale of a little girl who knew how to make friends with all the beasts of the forest, and how to get them to talk with her in their own speech; and that, without going very far from her grandmamma's cottage either. The "black and white" pictures are very bold, and the interest of the story is well sustained. What should be a *sine qua non* in children's books, the style is simple and unaffected, as if the author had sat down to the study of such models as Bunyan and De Foe, before he began to write.

Ancient Classics (Blackwood, 1/- each). We have to thank Messrs. Blackwood for another batch of the "Ancient Classics," of which we have twice already spoken in praise. The present volumes maintain the high literary and critical level which marks the series. They are:—

Hesiod (edited by Rev. J. Davies). The "Works and Days," describing the rural life of Greece near three thousand years ago; and the author's proverbial philosophy, where the wise saws and modern instances might have been collected by some poets of our own day. This, for example, brings us very near in thought to the father of Greek didactic poetry:—

"No rumour wholly dies, once bruited wide,
But deathless like a goddess doth abide."

Aristophanes (edited by Rev. L. Collins). We are thankful for a little volume which gives some insight into Athenian life and Athenian philosophy as they appeared in the eyes of the inimitable satirist. The Attic salt of the comedies does not lose all its savour in translation.

Pliny's Letters (edited by A. Church & W. J. Brodribb). It is pleasant to have the delightful picture of a Roman gentleman which the Younger Pliny's letters afford, done into English in so handy a form. He writes as an eye-witness of the destruction of Pompeii. Nothing in the "Letters" is sweeter than the description of Paudanus's younger daughter.

Euripides (edited by W. B. Donne). "In all his pieces there is the sweet human voice, the fluttering human heart," Kenelm Digby (quoted p. 51). "He is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect," Ben Jonson (quoted in preface). The chapter on "Athens in the days of Euripides" is very helpful.

Juvenal (edited by E. Walford). History repeats itself: Juvenal, in his satires, sighs for the simplicity of earlier days, as many amongst ourselves are sighing to-day; though happily our English vices are not as the vices of ancient Rome.

Plautus and Terence (edited by Rev. L. Collins). The Roman comic drama, "an inheritance from Greece," is ably dealt with in the introductory chapter. The *Bragadaccio*, *The Haunted House*, *The Shipwreck*, *The Captives*, *The Brothers*, are full of interest.

The Girls' Own Annual (Religious Tract Society, 8/6). Such papers as *Our Girls Awheel*,—*In Hohenloh Land*,—*A Month's Holiday in London*, should recommend this volume to intelligent girls. The editor knows his *clientèle* no doubt, and the stories should be refreshing and stimulating as well as thoroughly wholesome for girls to whom a more literary style would not appeal.

Panacea. A pleasingly-written little story of the friendship between an old man and a boy.

The Boys' Own Annual (Religious Tract Society, 8/6) is, as usual, full of every sort of matter dear to the heart of any boy and every boy:—*How to Make an Engine*,—*How to Make Moving Figures*,—*Adventures in Africa*,—*Adventures in the Arctic Ocean*,—*How to Keep Fowls*,—the splendid coloured picture of the boys' own fowl-yard, with its carefully-named and faithful portraits of fifty different kinds of fowls, should be a delight to any poultry keeper. *How to Photograph Ghosts* is an exciting title; one would say the old advice—"first catch your hare"—applied in this case also. It is pleasant to think of the thousands of eager lads who will turn over this fat volume with delight.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents*]

DEAR EDITOR,—May I recommend two books for you, perhaps to mention sometimes in the *Parents' Review*? *Jesus the Carpenter, of Nazareth*, by a Mr. Bird, and then *Heralds of the Cross*, by Miss Arnold-Forster. The latter is a most delightful book, and is intended to rouse a little interest in missionary work. Sometimes I have to wait so long before coming across a really suitable book on subjects like these, that I must write and let you know about them in case other parents had not come across them. With kind regards,

Believe me, yours, very sincerely,

ALICE TILLIE.

28, Huntly Gardens, Glasgow, W., Dec. 7th, 1897.

Miss Arnold-Forster writes:—"Fox Ghyll, Ambleside, Dec. 10th, 1897. Dear Miss Mason,—Things move fast in the missionary world, and so much has happened since that book was written, that it is an unexpected pleasure to hear of it still in use, and still serving the purpose I had so earnestly at heart in compiling it, interesting children in that most interesting and far-reaching subject. With many thanks, believe me, dear Miss Mason, yours sincerely, Frances Arnold-Forster."